

THE VACILLATIONS OF PHYLLIS.

"Mrs. SMITH has offered me a seat for the Lord Mayor's Procession," announced PHYLLIS at lunch. "It's very sweet of her; but I can't make up my mind whether to go or not."

"Don't you want to see it?" I asked.

"I don't know that I do," she said doubtfully, "and yet it would be rather nice in a way. Do you think I ought to go?" When she asks my opinion thus, I know that she inclines to the other side of the question. But as yet I was not quite sure which it was.

"I should please myself, if I were you," I answered safely.

"I should like to go," she murmured, looking pensively at the claret decanter, "but I don't think I will after all."

"Why not?" I asked, not so much that I thought her answer would be of importance, as that I like to hear her discussing a knotty point.

"There'll be such a crowd," she said, "and I'm sure I don't know how to get there."

"Where is 'there'?" I enquired.

"The Temple, I think it's called," said PHYLLIS, much as if she had mentioned Valparaiso or Timbuctoo.

"Have you got to get there all by yourself?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said. "I'm to meet the SMITHS at Baker Street, and we go by Underground."

"Then that disposes of the difficulty of getting there," I observed.

"Do you think Mr. SMITH knows the way?" she asked.

"Probably; he is a barrister," I returned. PHYLLIS moved back to her next trench.

"But there will be a crowd all the same," she objected.

"There may be something of a crowd," I admitted, "but that will not matter if you start early." She considered the point.

"I don't think the SMITHS are the sort of people who would start very early," she said meditatively.

"Well, if you feel at all nervous I shouldn't go," I advised.

"All the same it seems a pity to miss the opportunity," she continued. "And it isn't as though I should have to start at five in the morning," she went on; "it doesn't begin till eleven."

Her brow became slightly contracted. "Do you think it will be worth seeing?" she asked.

"I think you would enjoy it," I said. Her face became more doubtful.

"It seems a lot of trouble to take just for a Procession," she said, thoughtfully, "and it isn't as though I had never seen one before."

"You have certainly seen others," I agreed.



Snooks (who fancies himself very much). "WHAT'S SHE CRYING FOR?" Arabella. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. WHEN SHE SAW YOU SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN!"

"Much better ones," she continued. "And Mrs. ROGERS won't have sent home my new frock by then." She shook her head with decision.

"Of course, if you have really nothing to wear"—I borrowed a phrase of her own—"you can't go. But as you don't want to go it doesn't matter, does it?"

"I shouldn't like to seem ungrateful to Mrs. SMITH," she went on, disregarding me. "Still, if I write at once she will have plenty of time to get someone else to go. Besides, I should not like to feel that I was depriving another person of pleasure."

PHYLLIS's unselfish scruples are so curiously interwoven with her system

of reasoning that I uttered no comment on this aspect of the case.

"And I don't think Mrs. ROGERS could possibly have it done in time. No, I think I will send a pretty little note to Mrs. SMITH, to thank her and tell her how sorry I am I can't come."

"Glad you've made up your mind," I said.

She looked at me innocently. "I think I'm deciding rightly, don't you?" she questioned.

"Without doubt," I answered.

PHYLLIS tells me that they found their seats without difficulty, and that she has seldom enjoyed a Procession more.

OF HEBE IN EXILE.

[In reply to a deputation urging the abolition of barmaids the Premier of South Australia agreed that their employment was detrimental to the best interests of the community.]

IMMERSED in more domestic schemes
 'Tis yet my way, at times, to wonder
 What constitute the leading themes
 That move the native breast "down under,"
 What fashions rule, what foibles please
 In the remote Antipodes.

Accordingly I wish to get
 A true report of South Australia,
 And learn if local tastes are set
 Too much on beery Saturnalia,
 And why the Premier wants to ban
 The sylph that serves the flowing can.

Laughing across the beaker's brink
 I gather how her beauty troubles
 The eyes of men and makes them blink
 Above the beaded South-Sea bubbles:—
 And now she'll have to cry, poor Circe,
 All round the Premier's neck for mercy!

How came her charm? I'm at a loss
 For any luminous suggestion;
 Conceivably the Southern Cross
 May have a bearing on the question;
 Or something in the amorous air
 Exalts the barmaid over there.

Reared where the fogs are far to seek
 That so obsess her Northern sister,
 Upon her burnt and brazen cheek
 Old Sol has regularly kissed her,
 And Austral winds, as I suppose,
 Have put that polish on her nose.

So when I view her British peer
 At restaurants or exhibitions,
 I trace the force of atmosphere
 And other insular conditions,
 Causing so large a lack of colour
 That I can think of nothing duller.

Go, scan her closely day by day,
 And try what power she has to hurt you,—
 You'll not perceive a single trait
 Strictly inimical to virtue;
 I find no deadly snare to shun
 When purchasing a railway bun.

Yet (I have seen them) some there are,
 Excused by no inebriation,
 Who like to lean across a bar,
 Conducting social conversation;
 And seem to taste a fitful joy
 In this innocuous employ.

I note the gallant's flowers of speech
 With what inane aplomb he plucks 'em;—
 His fatuous glance embracing each,
 The lank and brown, the blonde and buxom;
 And marvel, till my senses spin,
 Just where the devilry comes in.

Yet would I not pronounce absurd
 The trend of things beyond the tropics;
 I wait for SEDDON's final word
 On this and kindred social topics;
 I wish to draw (without offence)
 On his profound experience.

Meanwhile I hope no Premier's curse

Will lay on us a like restriction;
 Our youth might well be doing worse—
 They might be reading modern fiction;
 Or, more unprofitably still,
 Discuss the Education Bill.

O. S.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG.

As a philosophic and urbane old lady was once going home from market, endeavouring to drive before her a small but refractory Opposition pig, she suddenly found her way barred by a series of entanglements set up by the new local authority. "What," said she, "shall I do with these entanglements? I must pass them, and I must get this tiresome little pig over them too." So she struggled on through half a dozen of the obstacles, until at last, as she was getting near home, she came to a barrier numbered Clause 7, so tall and formidable that the little pig absolutely refused to get over it, but lay down and squealed in the most alarming and distressing manner.

So she said to her dog, "HUGH! HUGH! bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the dog showed its teeth and snapped, but made no impression on the pig.

She went on a little further and met a stick.

So she said, "BRYCE, BRYCE! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the stick threatened in its best Holy Roman manner, but the dog didn't mind it a bit.

She went a little further, and she met a Welsh fire.

So she said, "LLOYD-GEORGE, LLOYD-GEORGE! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the fire crackled, but the stick still maintained a masterly but academic inactivity.

She went a little further, and she met a See.

So she said, "TEMPLE, TEMPLE! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the See surged and swelled, but entirely failed to damp the ardour of the fire.

She went a little further, and she met an ox.

So she said, "HARCOURT, HARCOURT! dry up See; See won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

And the ox bellowed, but made no visible impression on the See.

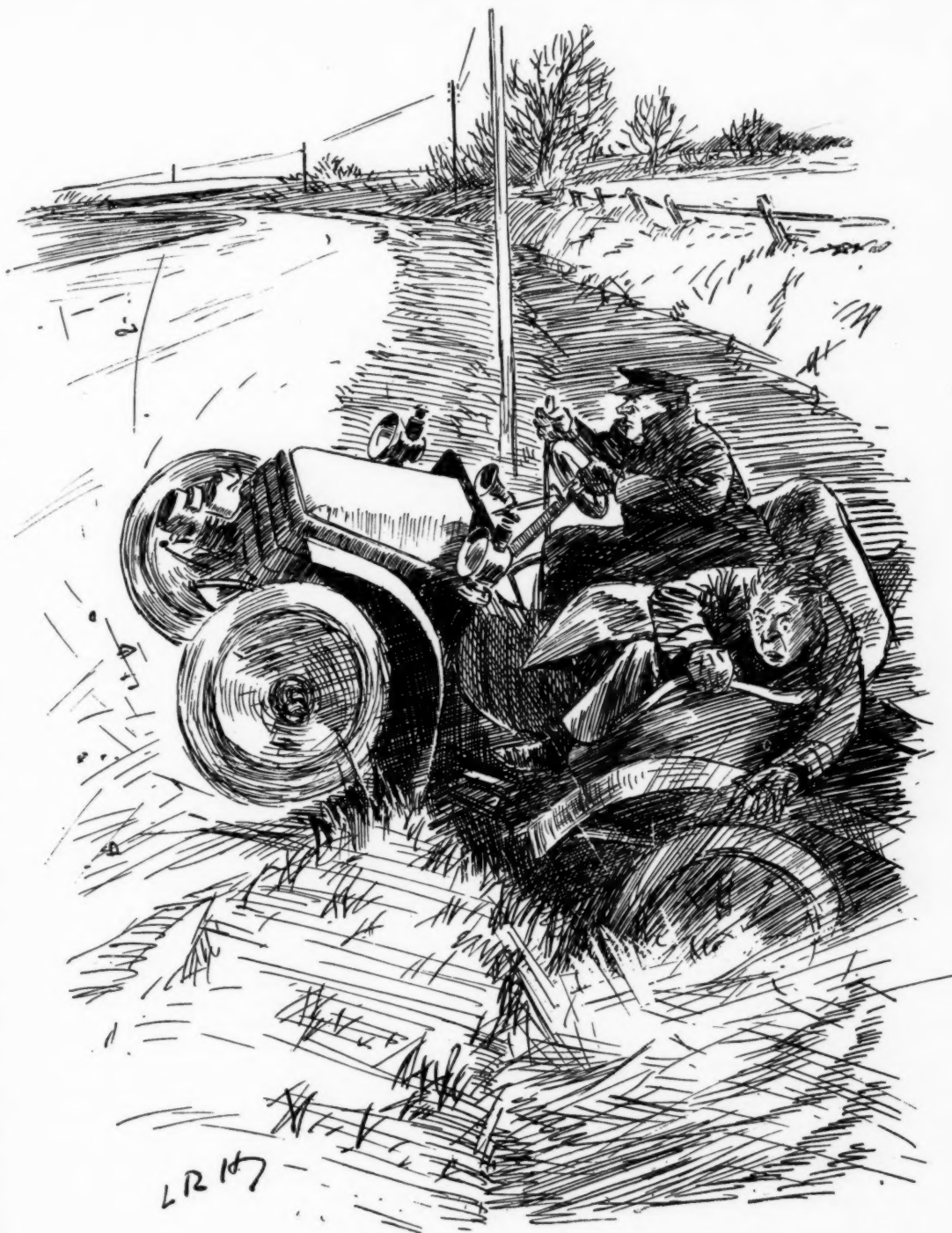
She went a little further, and she met a butcher.

So she said, "Chairman, Chairman! kill ox; ox won't dry up See; See won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the Clause, and I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher said to her, "If you will bring me the guillotine, I will."

So she fetched him the guillotine, whereupon the butcher began to decapitate the ox; the ox began to dry up the See; the See began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the pig had to get over the Clause, and the old woman got home at last.

Moral:—If we don't all hurt each other's feelings a good deal, there is no chance of getting Education Bills through Parliament.



Owner (as the car insists upon backing into a ditch). "DON'T BE ALARMED! KEEP COOL! TRY AND KEEP COOL!"
 [Friend thinks there is every probability of their keeping VERY cool, whether they try to or not!]



CHARIVARIA.

With a view to silencing the rumour that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is running away from the Education Bill, he is to be provided with a brass bedstead for his voyage, so as to avoid all appearance of a "bunk."

Meanwhile a Continental paper declares that even the English are beginning to see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the right light, and mentions the fact that they refer to the banquet that is to be given him as a Monster banquet.

We are sorry to hear that, in a duel between the Comte DE DION and M. GERAULT-RICHARD, there was a nasty accident. M. GERAULT-RICHARD received a scratch.

A Viennese engineer has invented a paper yacht. His claim of originality shows that he has never heard of our War Minister's paper army.

Mr. BRODRICK, having been scoffed at for wearing khaki at the recent German manoeuvres, has now arranged to take part in an engagement. Mr. *Punch* offers respectful felicitations.

On hearing the report that steps are at last being taken by certain justices to introduce a bill into Parliament to extend the power of awarding corporal punishment, a number of Hooligans have written to point out that the effect of such a measure would merely be to brutalise them.

It is presumed, by the bye, that such a bill will be backed by Mr. CAINE.

It has been discovered that London is gradually being depleted of boys, and stringent regulations have now been promulgated by the police to ensure the greater purity of ice-creams.

A speaker in discussing the Education Bill the other day pointed out that taxation without representation was no uncommon thing to-day, and instanced the cases of Women, Aliens, and Lunatics. A protest is anticipated on the part of the friends of Mr. SWIFT MAC-NEILL.

The debate at the O.P. Club, "Are Dramatic Critics of any Use?" having resulted in no definite conclusion, the dramatic critics consider themselves justified in going straight on, anyhow for the present.

The Schoolmaster has been Abroad again. Mr. WALKER, the headmaster of St. Paul's School, appeared before the



Rupert. "I say, PAPA, ETHEL IS SO TIRED, AND SHE WOULD SO LIKE TO HAVE A HIDE. COULDN'T YOU TURN ME INTO A LITTLE DONKEY?"

Papa. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RUPERT? YOU'RE TALKING DREADFUL NONSENSE!"

Rupert. "WHY, PAPA, I'VE HEARD UNCLE SAY YOU'RE ALWAYS MAKING A GREAT ASS OF YOURSELF, SO YOU MIGHT THIS TIME JUST MAKE A LITTLE DONKEY OF ME!"

Licensing Committee of the L. C. C. last week in opposition to a proposed new theatre at Hammersmith, to give evidence "that he knew very little about theatres," and proved it nicely.

Mr. WALKER, we understand, considered the whole proceedings a travesty of justice, but has forbidden the Editor of *The Pauline* to publish an account of the same under the title, "The Headmaster in a Farce."

At the review of the Guards on their

return from South Africa, it was noticed that the movements were not carried out with the neatness and precision habitually shown by men of the same Brigade who had not been out to the War. It is therefore unlikely that the Guards will ever be sent on active service again.

"Charles Our Friend" from Portugal.

His Majesty King Edward. "Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me."

His Majesty King Charles. "I am heartily glad I came hither to you."

As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 1.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. III.—IN THE NURSERY.

(Continued.)

In this paper I propose to consider some of the more important matters affecting the life and conduct of the nursery community. A proper and sympathetic understanding of these is essential to the happiness of every household that aspires to be well-governed.

First, then, as to

TEETH.

In order that a child may become in the true sense a consumer it is necessary that he should first be a producer—that is to say, if he wants to masticate he must get his teeth out. The process of production is supposed to be attended with considerable discomfort, but it is a remarkable fact that no sufferer has ever been able to furnish direct and conclusive evidence in the usual way, i.e. by word of mouth, of the pain he or she was supposed to be undergoing. Red blotches on the face, a heated temperature, a general loss of amiability showing itself in yells of a prolonged kind, and a marked disinclination for sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—all these symptoms may be due to many different causes. Yet the tradition of the nursery has assigned them all to teeth. Surely it would be the easiest thing in the world for an infant to get up and say, "My teeth are giving me pain," or, "A very troublesome molar is forcing its way through my back gums and causing me to yell in spite of my efforts to be brave." But is this ever done? Never. On the contrary, the child makes inarticulate noises and allows its nurse to give the evidence and to make the diagnosis. The necessary inference from this refusal of first-hand evidence is that, while the child is itself unwilling to tell an untruth, it has no objection to allowing its nurse to fib for it. This is a very insidious and repellent form of dissimulation. Let an infant speak up and tell its own story, remembering that only the virtuous can ever be happy. No one who has a respect for the finer feelings will blame it, if, after hearing its nurse say, "The pore little dear is 'avin' a very bad time with its teeth," it should say, "My dear mother, I am sorry to contradict a nurse whom I reverence, but my regard for truth compels me to say that it is not my teeth that are troubling me: it is my accursed temper, which I will endeavour in future to control." So much, then, for teeth.

THE FALL.

The fall may be defined as a sudden and unaccountable collapse of the legs, followed immediately by the projection of the body against a hard substance, not naturally designed for the receipt of such an impact, and succeeded more remotely by the application of chocolate to the mouth. The chief thing is so to arrange a fall that it shall produce as little pain and as much chocolate as possible. Some authorities consider that no fall is properly executed as a chocolate-producer if the forehead of the faller strikes against the leg of a table or a chair or against the fender or the corner of a cupboard with a force sufficient to raise a distinct bruise. This is an extreme view, and the arguments used in support of it are not convincing. We are told that its object is to diminish pain. At first sight this is attractive, but a closer investigation shows us that the amount of pain suffered has no relation to the facts of the case. No considerations of this sentimental nature should ever induce us to limit the free output of falls by any artificial restrictions, for we must remember that to check falls is, indirectly perhaps, but none the less certainly, to check the consumption of chocolate, and to interfere with the manufacture of soothing lotions.

There are, of course, many varieties of falls. The most common, but unquestionably the least effective, is the pancake fall. This requires no run for its execution. All you have to do is to stand up, either unsupported in mid-nursery, or propped against a chair. You then telescope with lightning speed into yourself, your skirts spreading out round you, until the extreme crown of your head is the only part of you left projecting above the surface of the floor. You are then picked up, judiciously extended to your right length, and are ready to begin again.

The eighteen-months zig-zagger forward is a very pretty fall. It is generally performed at a sharp run. You start, say on the right foot outside edge forward, change sharply to the left outside also forward, back again to the right outside for two yards, then on to the inside forward on both feet simultaneously, cross legs and so fall. The new school of American fallers has attempted to vary the above method by introducing a rapid pirouette bringing you on to the outside backwards on both feet, followed by a half-fall backwards, a turn on one heel, and so, finally, the old forward fall. It is a complicated and amusing figure, but the best nurseries fight shy of it and stick to the solid but workmanlike British style.

The slow backward is a fine old fall. You carelessly deposit a doll (wax preferred) in the middle of the room, and, leaving it there, advance to the door or the table. You then suddenly remember that you have forgotten something, and that the best way to get it is to walk backwards across the room. Studiously directing your course to the doll you suddenly stamp upon its face, trip over it, and so fall. You then rise with a bump on your occiput and a passionate desire for a new and sound-faced doll.

The mud-fall is equally suitable for London and the country. All that is necessary is that you should wear a new white frock, a new white coat, white gloves, and a white hat. The rest is merely a question of selecting a good place for the fall. This variety is very effective after rain.

(To be concluded.)

The Gamp Family on Trusts.

In the Reichstag Herr GAMP stated that German export trade could not subsist without Trust operations (*Times*, Nov. 5th). Those who make a study of the science of heredity will be interested to remember that *Mrs. Gamp* was a witness to the historical truth that "some people may be Rooshans and some may be Prooshans, they are born so and will please themselves;" and then follows her opinion on the "Trust" question, "But I am not a Rooshan or a Prooshan, and consequently cannot suffer spies to be set over me."

"TWO MEN AND A TREAT."—We are informed that in our notice that appeared last week under the above-quoted heading, our much amused and most laudatory critic mixed up Messrs. FRENCH and HILL, the co-entertainers at Steinway Hall, attributing to the former all that was done by the latter, and *vice versa*. Not that it matters where both are so good. It was an instance of French Hill-translated. To quote *Mr. Mantalini*, we may sum up by saying, "both are right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"

A "Warm Corner" in the Kaiser's Heart.

Why bears the Eagle in his beak
The emblem of the dove?
They say it's not *haute politique*,
It must be "Covert" love.

What to do with Our Daughters.

FISH TRADE.—Wanted, Girl accustomed to smoking.

Aberdeen Free Press.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

VII.—MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

It was our intention to enter Skibo Castle with our usual unassuming quietude, but fate was too much for us.

yard inflection, "Gadzooks, who is 't?" After a lengthy dialogue which taxed our knowledge of the dialect of G. P. R. JAMES to the utmost, we were admitted on the distinct understanding that if a library were offered to us by Mr. CARNEGIE we should not refuse it.



"We plunged boldly into the turbid fluid."

No sooner were we glimpsed on the far horizon than the sentinel on the donjon keep blew the shrill clarion which we afterwards discovered announces to the household the approach of danger, or the appearance of an article by Miss CORELLI. Hence on reaching the moat we found the drawbridge up.

Since we had to keep up the legend that nothing deters a representative of the Fourth Estate, we plunged boldly into the turbid fluid surrounding Mr. CARNEGIE's fortress, and with a few masterly HOLBEIN strokes we reached the other side. To our horror the portcullis had been dropped!

There was nothing for it but to parley, and we therefore tugged lustily at the bell labelled "Seneschal." In rather more than due time the Seneschal arrived, and inquired in strong American accents, tinged with a perceptible kail-

Mr. CARNEGIE was in the act of endowing a library as we entered his study.

"Half a minute," he said, "and I'm with you. Take a library—I mean take a chair."

We sat down, and had time to observe while our host completed his task—the seventh of the kind that morning he told us—that the room was devoid of books. In fact we did not see a book in the whole castle.

"Well, Mr. CARNEGIE," we said, "and how do you like Skibo? Is it up to Pittsburg, Pa.?"

"It has its advantages," he said. "There's less Triumphant Democracy here; but more Monarchy. Between you and me I like Monarchy."

"And how is the labour of getting rid of the millions progressing?"

"Slowly, slowly; this is the land of saxonpences. I'm afraid I'll never be-



"Between you and me, I like Monarchy."

come a splendid pauper unless I take a theatre. They tell me that 's the sure road to unloading. The *Maitre de Forges* with realistic mounting, reproducing the Pittsburg Mills, might assist me in the task of depleting my pockets. Then I have thoughts of endowing a WAGNER Theatre—you know WAGNER is the only composer who realised the dramatic possibilities inherent in a 'Ring.'

"After all, giving away libraries is a tedious pastime; but I can't play golf, and I'm too stiff for ping-pong. I assure ye, man, that a lifetime in the Steel Works is no preparation for ping-pong. But come out on the battlements and see the view. We can see almost as far as Marylebone; but, thank goodness, not quite."

We admired the prospect. Mr. CARNEGIE called our attention to a beautiful imitation oil-well in the foreground, and a pergola fancifully shaped to recall the famous sleeping-car on which his fortune was built. Several elegant bookstalls were tastefully disposed throughout the park, and over a clump of Scotch firs could be descried the



"Come out on the battlements and see the view."

chimneys of the asylum for superannuated librarians, several of whom were taking the air on a miniature mono-rail line that meandered through the bosky dells. Occasionally the flute-like call of the secretary-bird broke the stillness, as it chanted snatches from the novels of Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL, Mr. CARNEGIE's favourite author. Tactfully interrupting the silence, we asked, "Is it true, Mr. CARNEGIE, that you are opposed to America's Imperialist policy?"

"Man alive!" exclaimed our host. "My fortune was made by contracting, how could you expect me to become an expansionist?"

Fascinated by the irony of the Steel King, we could have stayed for hours in his company, but suddenly remembering that our clothes were still dripping from our immersion in the moat of our genial host, we reluctantly tore ourselves away from his presence.

BACK TO THE LAND.

[SIR HARRY JOHNSTON advocates the prudent revival of the wolf as likely to enhance the amenities of rural England.]

"REVIVE the wolf," so runs the rede;
But why this partial resurrection?
Why foster one ferocious breed,
When all deserve the same protection?

I'm sure the countryside would wear
A charm immeasurably greater
If ev'ry copse concealed a bear,
And ev'ry stream an alligator.

Think of the added zest of life
If dwellers in suburban villas
Were constantly engaged in strife
With stout and strenuous gorillas?

If on the verdant village green
Wherein the summer Dick and Tom bat,
The wallaby were always seen,
Attended by the wily wombat.

If on the margin of the mere
The peccary serenely grunted;
If giant sloths in mid career
The automobilist confronted.

If in the gardens that we love
Great bustards roosted in the willows,
The chimpanzee dislodged the dove,
And ants gave place to armadillos.

This were a piquant change indeed,
Transforming tedium to riot;
No longer tonics should we need,
Nor fancy stimulating diet.

The highly seasoned tale would flag
That gives us now such stimulation;
The spicy play would droop and lag
Beside this rural innovation.

How does the new prescription run?
We ask the medical profession—
"A country walk without a gun
Will dissipate all nerve depression."

"ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY."

"Fiat experimentum in corpore villi."

Old Latin Grammar.

"Let us try it on with these cheap Volunteer Corps."—*War Office rendering.*

(N.B.—Mr. Punch has thought it best not to tamper with the official literary style of this brochure.)

ARMY ORDER—EXTRA SPECIAL.

1. In order to obviate certain difficulties which are alleged to have arisen in the case of a number of Volunteer Corps with respect to the fulfilment of the present conditions of efficiency, and to check the flow of resignations apparently caused by an over-estimation of such difficulties, as well as to encourage recruiting to the extent desired, the following supplementary Regulations are now promulgated for the better guidance and assistance of the Force in the performance of its duties.

2. With a view to increasing the interest taken by members of the Force in their work, every Volunteer shall as from this date be required on joining to deposit with the Adjutant of his Corps (who shall at once forward the same by registered letter to the Secretary of State for War) the sum of Ten Pounds in cash, to be retained against any default on his part during his term of service. This sum shall be exclusive of any sum paid to his Corps for subscription, expenses of uniform, etc.

3. On the completion of his service the Volunteer shall be entitled to claim repayment of the balance, if any, of his deposit, on production of certificates of birth and identity, and provided that the Secretary of State for War is satisfied on personal inspection of his regimental record, that he has in no detail transgressed the requirements of these or any other previous or subsequent Regulations.

4. For the purposes of this payment, the present period of service of all Volunteers now enrolled shall be deemed to have expired on the date of issue of this Order.

5. On and after the date of issue of this Order no Volunteer shall be permitted to resign his membership of the Force except by the express consent in writing of the Secretary of State for War.

6. In order to provide that every Volunteer shall have full opportunity to attend the specified number of Company trainings per annum, every Company shall hold at least one training on each week-day (two on Saturdays); and to ensure that the required numbers, viz., an officer, four non-commissioned officers, and twenty rank and file, shall be present at each Company training, every member of a Company called for such training shall be required

to attend. Any member failing to do so shall be required to pay the sum of One Pound to the Adjutant of his Corps, who shall have power to summarily recover the same, and shall forward it at once to the Secretary of State for War in the manner already prescribed.

7. No Volunteer shall henceforward be allowed to plead attendance on the range as an excuse for his absence from any Company training. Any Volunteer so endangering the completion of the required numbers for such training shall be dealt with as if he had been engaged on his private affairs.

8. Any Volunteer failing, for whatsoever reason, to attend camp in any year during his period of service shall thereby forfeit his deposit, which he shall be required to make good within seven days under the penalty of distraint of such goods as he may possess.

9. Any Volunteer finding himself impeded by the nature of his business from giving a due attention to his military duties shall be required to relinquish such business. Married Volunteers, while not actually required to do so, are strongly recommended to at once apply for separation orders.

10. For some years past the Volunteer Force has constantly claimed to have sacrificed its time and private means in the service of its country. It is now determined that the claim so made shall be realised. By the establishment of the principle that for the future it will be rather cheaper for them to neglect their business than their military duties, Volunteers will now not only find the problem of their conflicting interests satisfactorily solved, but also have inducements to make their training their principal end in life such as they have never previously enjoyed.

11. It is further confidently expected that as the general result of this Order they will have the pleasure of finding that the Volunteer Force has been rendered absolutely self-supporting, a most desirable state of things in view of the recent developments in the conditions and requirements of the Imperial Yeomanry and the modern regular recruit; while the stability and practical permanency which will from now onwards characterise the Force, should effectually put an end to all inconvenient suggestions with regard to the subjection of the free and independent British voter to any humiliating form, however mild, of compulsory military training. (Signed) BR-DK-CK.

NEW WORK (not previously announced).
—*The Huncles of New Marrowfat*, by the author of *The Haunts of Ancient Peace*.

A GRACEFUL CONCESSION,

SCENE I.—10, Downing Street. TIME—Friday afternoon.

Mr. Arthur Balfour. We really must exert ourselves a little with the German grammar, or we shall never be able to speak to-morrow.

Mr. Chamberlain. But the EMPEROR speaks English.

Mr. A. B. Of course. But we ought to talk German to his suite. It is an exertion to learn it, I admit, but it would be such charming politeness, a sort of graceful concession. Come, let us begin. Lassen uns anfangen.

Mr. Brodrick. Ja, ja! Ich will für ein, weil ich bin halb ein Deutsch mit mein Rot Adler.

Mr. C. If it had been Italian, caro mio, which I learnt in Naples and Malta, I could have startled you. Veramente! But German is much too hard.

Lord Lansdowne. Now if it had been French, moi qui vous parle—

Mr. A. B. Aber wir werden thun es, Sie werden sehen. Ich kann sagen ganz wohl, wie befinden Sie heute sich?

Mr. B. Das ist nicht recht. Ich muss wissen weil ich habe das Rote Adler. (Aside) What is the gender of Adler? (Aloud) Die Deutsch sagen, wie geht Ihnen mit es?

Mr. A. B. Ich habe gelernt es in mein Ollendorff. Sie wissen nicht Alles.

Mr. B. Schliessen hinauf! Sie haben nicht die Rote Adler.

Duke of Devonshire (sleepily). Don't make such a noise, you fellows. When I've been in Homburg I've heard the Germans say "Vee gates," or "Fee gate," or something like that.

Mr. C. Fee gate? You're mixing it up with Tattersall's Ring. You don't know any more German than I do.

Mr. B. Wie kann er? Er hat nicht der Rotes Adler.

Mr. A. B. Oh, gehen zu Bath mit Ihr Rot Adler!

Lord L. Quel tohu-bohu!

Duke of D. (waking up). Well, all I shall say will be "Fee gate." I can't bother to learn any more.

Lord L. Et moi je vais parler français. C'est la langue des diplomates.

Mr. C. As for me I shall speak English, and if they can't answer me back they may hold their tongues.

Mr. B. Sie drei sind sehr dumm. Aber wenn Sie können nicht verstehen ich will interpretieren, weil ich habe die Rotes Adler.

Mr. A. B. Oh, blasen Ihr Rote Adler! Lassen uns gehen heim jetzt. [Ezeunt.]

SCENE II.—Sandringham. The next evening.

Mr. B. Wie geht Ihnen mit es, Graf? Ich bin so glücklich zu sehen Sie



CONCERN.

Lady (whose husband has been schooling her new horse, out cub-hunting). "OH, WHAT A PITY YOU'VE GOT HIM DOWN, ALFRED! I'M AFRAID IT WILL MAKE HIM SO NERVOUS ABOUT DITCHES!"

wieder. Haben Sie gesehen mein Rote Adler?

Generalquartiermeister Graf von und zu Pumpnickel. How d'y'e do, Mr. BRODRICK? Delighted, I'm sure. I congratulate you.

Mr. B. Warum, Sie sprechen Englisch! Graf von und zu P. Oh, we all do that. We have to. We learn it at school as a matter of course. See you again. [Passes on.]

Mr. B. Wetterdonner!—I mean Donnerwetter! Here's a sell, BALFOUR! Mr. A. B. Ein verkaufen, lieber BRODRICK? Wie so? Ah, wie befinden Sie heute sich, Baron?

Wirkliche Geheime Oberregierungsrat Staatsminister Professor Doktor Baron von Schinkenbrot. As fit as possible, my dear Mr. BALFOUR. Never better in my life.

Mr. A. B. Aber Sie sprechen Englisch!

Herr v. S. Of course. Don't you?

[Passes on.]

Mr. C. There now! I told you so. Duke of D. I said "Fee gate" just now to one of these Germans, and he didn't seem to understand at all.

Mr. A. B. (disconsolately). This is singularly disappointing. I thought it would be so graceful.

Mr. C. You'd better stick to plain English.

Mr. B. Was? Mit mein Rotes Adler? Nimmer!

Mr. C. As for you, BRODRICK, I advise you to say nothing about your Red Eagle, for all these fellows have the Black one, and they'd simply look down upon you.

[Mr. BRODRICK collapses.]



Tourist. "HAVE YOU NOT GOT SCOTCH WHISKEY?"

Waiter (in an Irish Hotel). "No, SORR, WE DON'T KAPE IT. AND THEM AS DOES ONLY USES IT TO WATER DOWN OUR OWNS!"

THE PUFF RECIPROCAL.

FOR some years it has been a custom with enterprising manufacturers to advertise their wares by quoting the unsolicited opinions of men eminent in the various walks of life. Chief of those who take pleasure in promoting the sale of various goods and nostrums are our literary men, whose emotional natures prompt them to spontaneous outbursts of the highest advertising value. But now that publishers are growing in wisdom, and learning how much may be done by "display type" to excite public interest in their books, we need not be surprised to see a reciprocity

established between literature and commerce. Who would not feel inclined to pay 4s. 6d. net for a novel that bore the endorsement of his favourite distiller, or a poem whose smooth versification was applauded, and its purity guaranteed, by the manufacturer of a nourishing breakfast food? Indeed this departure seems inevitable, and we need not be surprised any Saturday morning to find in the back pages of the *Bookmaker* a publisher's list in which the merits of his wares will be set forth in this attractive manner:—

Temporal Power: A Study in Supremacy. By MARIE CORELLI.—"A wonderful book. If only the author had treated

some of her sprained metaphors and dislocated figures of speech with our embrocation, we should pronounce it perfect."—*The Patriarch's Oil Co.*

The River. By EDEN PHILLIPS.—"This charming novel is so pure in matter, and so effervescent in treatment, that we are seriously considering a proposal to bottle it for our foreign trade."—*The Pop-Fizz Table Water Co.*

The Little White Bird. By J. M. BARRIE.—"It was really Mr. BARRIE's fiction we had in mind when we coined for our smokes the phrase, 'mild, sweet, and pleasing.'"—*The Nicotine Co.*

The Intrusions of Peggy. By ANTHONY HOPE.—"For killing objectionable time this story is without a peer."—*Katchem and Killem Insect Powder Co.*

Donovan Pasha. By Sir GILBERT PARKER.—"Mr. PARKER's latest book adds to his reputation as a careful and observant traveller. Our Egyptian office reports that the Sphinx is now inquiring 'Where will he break out next?'"—*The Globe Trotter Tourist Co.*

James the Sixth and the Gowrie Mystery. By ANDREW LANG.—"Here is an attractive volume that goes far to disprove the contention that the word 'Scotch' is simply an adjective used to qualify whisky. It also qualifies an admirable class of author of which Mr. LANG is the only member."—*Peatsmoke and Blend, Distillers by Appointment.*

The Confessions of a Wife. By HERSELF.—"In order to enjoy this marvel of self-revelation the reader should have a large bottle of our disinfectant on the library table."—*The Chloride of Lime Co., Ltd.*

The Eternal City. By HALL CAINE.—"Worth a guinea a volume. In confirmation of our statement we take pleasure in referring you to the author."—*The Blue Pills for Bloated People Co.*

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM—BINSTED.—The Vicar of Binsted, in Hampshire, has recently made the interesting discovery that Lord KITCHENER's ancestors were Binstedians. Satisfactory of course to know that they were "steady 'uns," particularly when connected with a "bin." Deeply impressed as was Lord KITCHENER by the result of this research among the "endless genealogies"—the Vicar's memory will supply the remainder of the quotation—yet he found it utterly impossible to personally inspect the ancestral home of his race. Of course Lord KITCHENER greatly regretted that Binsted was not within his range.

Place aux Dames.

MAN and wife wishes caretaker's situation or work for the wife.

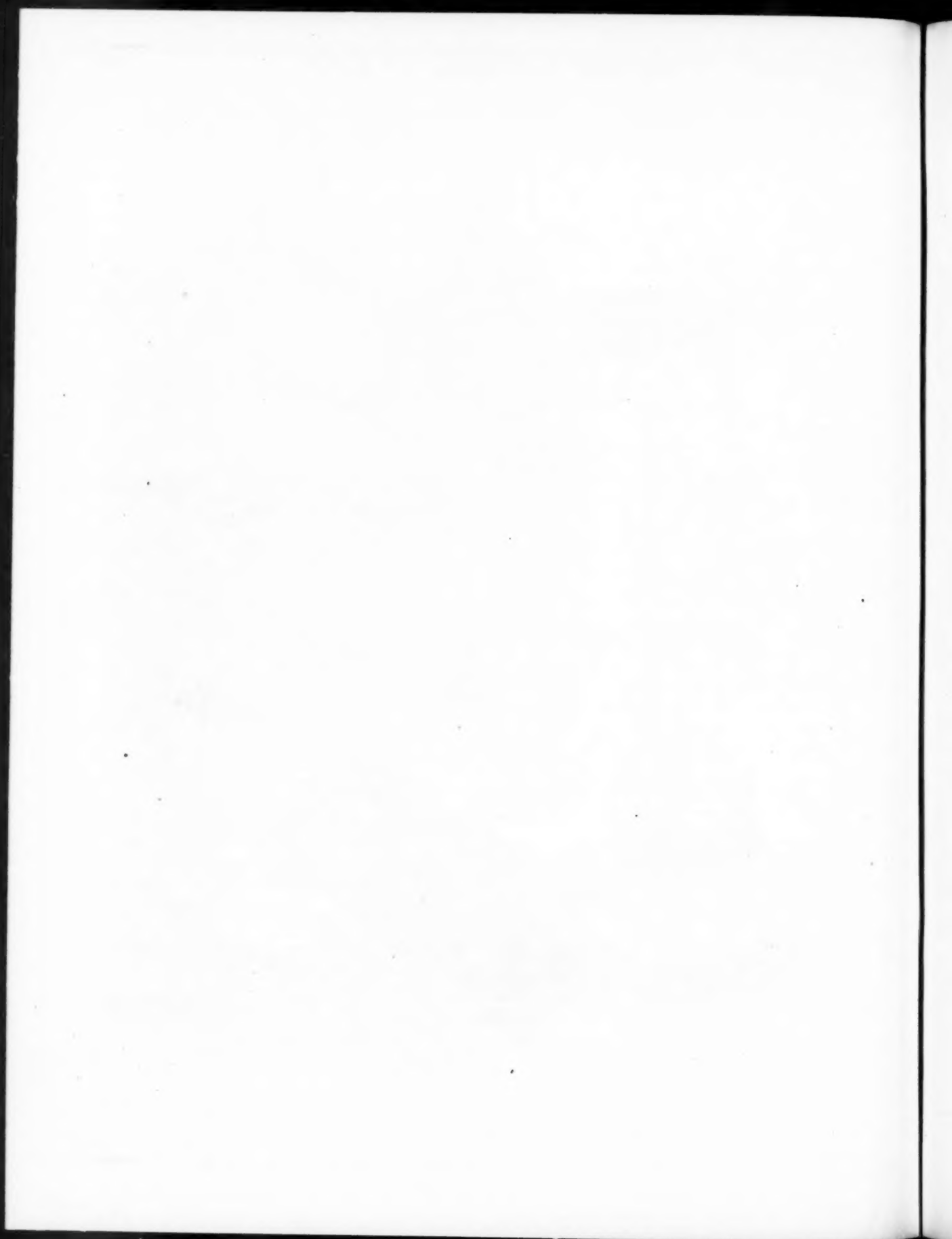
Edinburgh Evening Despatch.



"A PURELY NON-POLITICAL VISIT."

GAMEREKPEER PUNCH. "WISH YOU GOOD SPORT, SIR!"

[Several Cabinet Ministers have been invited to meet the German Emperor at Sandringham.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 3.
—CASABIANCA TULLY stood in the Irish camp whence all but he had fled. On his legs because he was putting a question; nay, he had ten on the Paper, and as he supplemented each with one still more irrelevant he had what he called a good time. Procedure understood to be a form of Hibernian humour. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who, as TIM HEALY puts it, is not good for more than one spasm a week, blew himself out in first fortnight of Autumn Session. Gone home to be re-gased. His merry men following his example, TULLY, at whatever cost, resolved to stay on. In loneliness of the erstwhile tumultuous benches below Gangway there flashes on him this new development of national humour.

O'Brienites, while still with us, accustomed among them to put at least a score of questions per sitting, addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY. Very well. Now they've gone away, CASABIANCA, left on watch, will show that, single-handed, he is equal to O'BRIEN and all his men. Accordingly, knocks off a score of questions per sitting. This, after long pondering, is SARK's explanation. Seems a little erudite. One is left wondering where the joke comes in.

Late to-night CASABIANCA received the following telegram signed WILLIAM O'BRIEN. "Don't think you can intimidate us by firing off questions at WYNDHAM." Is thinking out a repartee.

Worst of performance is that it has waked up Mr. WEIR. For many Sessions he has been champion questioner. For triviality, irrelevance and verbosity none to beat his string. Finishing touch given by slow intonation in deep chest notes suggestive of the graveyard in the middle of a moonless night. Rather slowing off of late. CASABIANCA, trespassing on his croft, has wakened up the old sheep dog. Of thirty-one questions starred on Paper to-night for oral answer, over one-half stood in names of these representatives of the shrewdness of Scotland, the gaiety of Ireland. TULLY had ten, WEIR six. Aggregate doubled by supplement of each enquiry with another of added irrelevance. Stranger in Gallery at Question hour went home with increased respect and admiration for the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—By grace of closure Clause 9 added to Education Bill.

Tuesday night.—Always looked upon JOHN AIRD as one of the most gentlemanly, kindest-hearted men in the House. Sort of person who wouldn't say "Boo!" to a goose if there was slightest reason to believe remark would



THE LION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"General Bombastes. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore."
"King Artaxominous. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

be accepted as in any way personal. Consequently read with surprise his reply to polite message from KITCHENER. On his way to India Lord ROSEBERRY's War Minister stopped to inspect the Assouan barrage works. Sent a message to JOHN AIRD heartily congratulating him and those who have worked under him on the accomplishment of a magnificent undertaking.

And what is JOHN AIRD's reply? Here it is textually, with apologies to delicate ears. "Your kind thought and wire from Assouan greatly appreciated by all who have been engaged on dam works."

Why this angry, opprobrious reference to an enterprise the world has agreed to regard as the most beneficial ever bestowed on Egypt? Of course the works have been some time in progress,

have necessarily entailed trouble, occasionally anxiety. But this exhibition of petty temper seems unworthy of a man with a beard like JOHN'S.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER moves House into Committee of Supply on little gratuity of eight millions to Transvaal. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES hauls alongside, denounces procedure as unconstitutional. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, sacrificing his dinner, turns up prompt at nine o'clock to back up the CAP'EN. RITCHIE gets his Committee all the same.

Wednesday night.—PITY CONAN DOYLE has really finished his *History of the Great Boer War*. Incident happened to-night that in his skilful hands would have made not the least brilliant chapter. BOTHA and DELAREY, two of the

most inveterate tacticians in the Boer army, looked in to hear Don José make his last speech before journeying to South Africa. Climbing the kopje over the clock, they instinctively entrenched themselves in the front row facing the SPEAKER'S chair, commanding both the Treasury Bench and the one opposite, on which sat massively contemplative the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Their brown faces turned with quick interest to the Table when by it stood, welcomed by thunderous cheer from Ministerialists, their ancient indomitable foe, the dread Don José. Followed his speech with close attention, looking at each other now and then as his shots went home with the rattle and precision of the familiar pom-pom. C-B. came next, affording opportunity of studying another style.

When he resumed his seat the Boer Generals were startled by sudden roar of execration. Instinctively they felt for their rifles; glancing sharply round veld, discovered on a lower kopje on the left flank of the SPEAKER'S Chair a mild-looking, more than middle-aged gentleman talking in rapid speech tinged with Welsh accent. The noise that startled them was indicative of desire by majority that the gentleman on his legs should not trouble himself to continue his speech. But the gentleman on his legs was BRYN ROBERTS; quite accustomed to that sort of thing; determined to disregard it.

For a while the Generals sat and suffered. Soon old habit asserting itself, BOTHAs turned to flee. DELAREY, for once demoralised, after brief hesitation joined in the flight. Racing down the kopje under cover of the staircase, they made for their ponies tethered in the Whips' room ready in case of accident. Tightening girths they leaped into the saddle, and to the terror of the police, injured to motor-cars, dashed across Palace Yard, disappearing in the friendly darkness.

What British Generals, equipped by the War Office, horsed by the Remount Commission, spent weary months in endeavouring to accomplish, BRYN ROBERTS did in five minutes. Single-tongued he routed the flower of Boer chivalry.

Business done.—Transvaal Vote for eight millions practically approved.

Friday night.—Only PRINCE ARTHUR, Attorney-General, new Parliamentary Secretary to Education Board, Chairman of Committees, and the Member for BARKS know what it is to spend our nights and days with an Education Bill. ADDISON in his mildest mood exhilarating by comparison. Others come and go; the vast majority seen only when Division Bell rings, and there is opportunity for adding a unit to their score of votes. FINLAY now

reaps the enormous advantage of having cultivated his boyhood on a little (or much) oatmeal. In middle age it is remarkably sustaining. ANSON finds his new life worth living only because it affords an opportunity of contemplating his predecessor at Education Board seated below Gangway. For him JOHN O'GORST has curious fascination. Rarely takes his eyes off venerable figure lending added air of respectability to corner seat sacred to JIMMY LOWTHER.

For PRINCE ARTHUR, with the weight of Empire on his slim shoulders, this grinding hour after hour, night after



"My dear Ans-n, how on earth do you remember things?! I never can remember anything—except my handicap, and even that escapes me at times!"

(Mr. B-I-f-r and Sir Wm. Ans-n.)

night, at the creaking stone of Education Bill sometimes passeth human endurance. Let anyone in search of information on subject try experiment of merely sitting for five hours on same bench whilst others talk. On top of that physical trial comes for PREMIER necessity of keeping up the sharpest mental strain, prepared at any moment to rise and make a speech on which may depend fortunes of the Bill, fate of the Ministry.

If hours of daily labour were limited from two o'clock in afternoon till midnight, with interval for hasty dinner, task would be sufficient to try some men's strength. Conduct of Education Bill in Committee merely an episode in PRINCE ARTHUR'S day's work. Before he enters House must have dealt with the

correspondence of PRIME MINISTER of an Empire on which the sun (which at least has no Education Bill on its mind) never sets. There are Cabinet Councils to be attended, innumerable persons to be seen on matters of urgent public importance. Even on Treasury Bench the red despatch box pursues him, and with one ear open to debate on which he must presently reply he deals with State papers of momentous importance.

Thanks to high courage and naturally gay disposition he bears up and carries on. Small wonder if strands of grey are with increasing persistence beginning to weave themselves in his hair. The 'orny'-anded British workman, insistent on his eight hours' day, knocking off at one o'clock on Saturdays, occasionally when wages are high throwing in Monday, should, in moments of depression that overtake the Misunderstood, consider and contrast the PREMIER'S Working Day.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. PRINCE ARTHUR gives notice of a motion that will hurry it along.

HONOURS EASY.

[During an altercation in the French Chamber one Deputy struck with his glove another, who retaliated with a kick. It is reported, however, that no duel will result, as the one asserts he did not feel the blow whilst his opponent claims to have given, whilst the other alleges that the kick did not reach him.]

Of Box and Cox I sing,
Those Frenchmen lion-hearted,
Who fought like anything,
And parted.

Box used of course a glove,
Cox practised the *sarate*;
Witness, ye heavens above,
To that!

Honour resents a blow;
Pluck comes of constitution;
Has this dilemma no
Solution?

Ah! Cox declines to feel
A gauntlet's feeble flicks;
And Box is triple steel
To kicks.

Box shows his glove with pride:
He struck, he need not shoot;
And Cox is satisfied
To boot.

COMBARRETIVELY SPEAKING. — It is reported that Mr. WILSON BARRETT has made a "big success" with his *Christian King* at Birmingham. The monarch in question is ALFRED, and he has "taken the cake." In the old story the cake was overdone; in the play it may turn out that this is the case with the *King*.



C. E. Brock
1902.

Son of the House, "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, MISS MUEL?"
Miss M. "OH, I DAREN'T AFTER SUCH GOOD MUSIC AS WE HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO."
Son of the House, "BUT I'D RATHER LISTEN TO YOUR SINGING THAN TO ANY AMOUNT OF GOOD MUSIC!"

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES.



PROFESSOR L-NK-ST-R ON THE UKAFI; OR, A LIGHT RAY ON
DARKEST AFRICA.

MR. PUNCH'S COMPRESSED DRAMAS.

II.—IF I WERE MR. MCCARTHY!

(An amended version of Mr. J. H. McCarthy's "If I were King," at the St. James's Theatre.)

ACT I. SCENE—The usual tavern of Romantic Drama.

LOUIS XI. and TRISTAN, Provost of Paris, disguised, are sitting at a table. R. VILLON, a tattered-looking rascal, stands in the middle of the stage, declaiming a ballade with lonely uproariousness.

Villon. Who is the man who dices, drinks, and brawls

In taverns, but is worshipped all the same

By sympathetic ladies in the stalls?—

VILLON's the dissipated fellow's name.

What do you think of that for an envoi?

Louis (who remembers his Swinburne). Haven't I heard that last line rather differently put?

Villon (yawning). Very likely. But it doesn't matter—so long as it is the last. [Lies down to sleep before the fire.

Tristan (grimly). That's true. [VILLON begins to snore.

Louis (to TRISTAN). You don't like this fellow's verses?

Tristan (crossly). No. And I can't see why on earth a King of FRANCE should be slouching in a low tavern at one o'clock in the morning when he might be in his royal bed.

Louis (astonished). My dear fellow, you must be totally ignorant of the theatre! Who ever heard of a Louis the Eleventh who didn't slouch in taverns, listening to what he wasn't meant to hear? We must observe the conventions!

Tristan (grumbling). It seems idiotic.

Louis. Very likely. But it's a stage tradition. Hush, here comes someone.

Enter KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES. She goes up to VILLON and shakes him cautiously. LOUIS and TRISTAN set themselves to listen in the ostentatious manner usual in costume drama.

Villon (opening his eyes). KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES! (Rising hastily.) My dear young lady, what are you doing here?

Tristan (to LOUIS). That's what I should like to know.

Katherine. I came to speak to you.

Villon. To speak to me! In a tavern? Do Maids of Honour usually follow their humbler admirers to a public-house in preference to making use of the penny post?

Katherine. Invariably—in romantic drama.

Villon. You astonish me. Well. What do you want?

Katherine. There is a man who is pestering me with his attentions. Will you get rid of him for me?

Villon. With pleasure. To a man of my easy disposition one murder more or less is nothing. What's his name?

Katherine. THIBAUT D'AUSSIGNY.

Villon. The Grand Constable of France? That's awkward.

Katherine. Why?

Villon. Rather a conspicuous person, don't you think, for an assassin?

Katherine (carelessly). I dare say. But he deserves to die. He is plotting to betray the KING to the Burgundians.

Louis (aside to TRISTAN). The deuce he is!

Villon. Then why on earth don't you denounce him in the proper quarter instead of asking me to murder him?

Katherine (with dignity). In romantic drama these paltry considerations of common-sense are out of place.

Villon. Very well. Where shall I find him?

Katherine. Here. I expect him every moment.

Villon. Here! The Grand Constable of France skulking in a pot-house! Absurd!

Katherine (crossly). Why not? I'm Maid of Honour to the Queen, and I'm in a pot-house. The KING is almost invariably found in pot-houses. Why shouldn't a Grand Constable be found there too? (Enter THIBAUT.) Here he is.

Tristan (to LOUIS, disgusted). Good Heavens! Is the entire Court going to pass the night at this inn?

Louis (sulkily). It looks like it.

Katherine (to VILLON). How are you going to do it?

Villon (lightly). Easily enough. I shall wait till his back is turned, and then stick a knife into it. [Does so. THIBAUT falls.

Katherine (enthusiastically). My hero!

Villon. Not at all. Simplest thing in the world.

[Kneels down and proceeds to rifle THIBAUT's pockets. Louis (coming forward). Here, I say, you mustn't do that. That's my money.

Villon (looking up with a snarl). Is it? Who are you?

Louis (majestically). The King of FRANCE!

Villon (jumping up). Then I'm afraid I shall have to cut your throat. [Advances towards him.

Louis (mildly). May I suggest a compromise? You spare my life and I'll give you THIBAUT's post.

Villon (scandalised). Make me Grand Constable? Ridiculous!

Louis (testily). Of course it's ridiculous. I'm ridiculous. You're ridiculous. The whole situation's ridiculous. But it's all right in romantic drama. You consent?

Villon (sullenly). If you wish it.

Louis. Very well. For a week shall we say? You may not like it for more than a week. And now suppose you escort Mlle. DE VAUCELLES back to the Palace? (Exit VILLON and KATHERINE). Foolish fellow! Foolish fellow!

[Kneels down to search THIBAUT's pockets as Act drop falls.

ACT II. SCENE—The King's Garden. TIME—Next afternoon. VILLON, gorgeously attired, is discovered biting a quill meditatively.

Villon. I shall have to re-write that ballade. How will this do?—

Who is the man who sits in monarch's halls

With every sign of popular acclaim,

First in the breach wherever duty calls?—

VILLON's this conscientious statesman's name!

That's better! [Proceeds to write it down. Enter LOUIS.

Louis. Well, how do you like being Grand Constable?

Villon. Thanks. I find it very agreeable.

Louis. That's right. (Maliciously) I thought you'd have a pleasant week.

Villon. Week? Nonsense. It's perfectly idiotic to displace a Grand Constable at the end of a week. He'll never learn his duties at that rate.



SUCCESSFUL SENSATIONAL REVIVAL!

THE OLD DRAMA OF "PUNCH AND JUDY" IN FOR A RUN!

Louis. No doubt. But then there's the death of THIBAUT to be considered.

Villon (easily). I don't think we need bother about that.

Louis. On the contrary. In your own interest you must see that when a Grand Constable is murdered the assassin ought to be hanged.

Villon. That's true.

Louis (rising). Very well. At the end of a week. [Going. *Villon.* Eh? I don't think I quite understand.

Louis. It's very simple. For a week you are Grand Constable. (With a sneer) On our Royal word! After that you swing. [Going again.

Villon. Stop, stop. This really requires more consideration. It's absurd, you know. No audience would stand it.

Louis (sententiously). My dear Sir, an audience will stand anything—in romantic drama.

Villon (thoughtfully). I suppose you never break this Royal word of yours?

Louis. Never! In romantic drama every criminal fatuity may be committed by a monarch. But not that.

Villon. You relieve me greatly.

Louis (politely). Might I inquire why?

Villon. It's in this way. The Burgundians are besieging Paris. I—as your Grand Constable—am in supreme command of your troops. At the end of a week—if you continue to reign—I am hanged. What follows?

Louis. I don't know.

Villon (genially). Why—that I'm hanged if you continue to reign! (Dispassionately) That's rather a good joke.

Louis (alarmed). You wouldn't kill me?

Villon (shocked). No, no. Not I. The Burgundians.

You see I'm no General. By the end of the week your troops will be defeated and your reign will be over. The best of it is I shall still be Grand Constable!

Louis (testily). Nonsense. If I fall, you fall.

Villon. Pardon me. When your enemy's commander-in-chief is a thoroughly incompetent officer, the last thing you are likely to do is to deprive him of his command.

Louis (blankly). I hadn't thought of that.

Villon (pleasantly). Nor had Mr. MCCARTHY. You're incurably romantic, both of you. I'm a realist myself.

Louis. Confound it all, this is very awkward. What on earth's to be done?

Villon. I don't know. You see you can't deprive me of my office because of that Royal word of yours. (Thoughtfully) I might resign, of course.

Louis (eagerly). The very thing! Pray do so, my dear fellow, without delay.

Villon (suavely). Upon conditions, you know.

Louis (depressed). Conditions? That means money. Conditions always do.

Villon (consolingly). An annuity merely. Say ten thousand livres? And a free pardon.

Louis. Couldn't you make it francs?

Villon. Impossible.

Louis (grumbling). I thought somebody said the impossible didn't exist.

Villon. Yes. But that wasn't till much later. Ten thousand a year, a free pardon, and the hand of Mlle. DE VAUCELES! Really, we haven't done so badly.

Louis (bitterly). You're easily pleased. But I don't believe the audience will like it!

[Exit, shaking his head gloomily. Curtain.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Adventures of M. D'Haricot, by J. STORER CLOUSTON (BLACKWOOD AND SON), is a whimsical story, occasionally amusing. The hero is neither a "lunatic at large" like *Don Quixote*, nor a swindler like *Barry Lyndon*, but he is an irresponsible creature whom it is difficult to place. His constant lying is irritating, and it is impossible to become interested in any one of the *dramatis personæ*.

The Baron sees nothing very new or original in the pretty Christmas cards forwarded for his inspection by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, excepting some queer figures, with folding legs, that can be seated about in odd corners; but he congratulates this firm on the half-dozen brightly coloured "*Pickwick Pictures*," and on that other merry set depicting how "a-hunting we will go!"

By the way, while on the subject of Christmassy illustrations, those done for the *Gollivog Game* (DE LA RUE & Co.) in imitation of Miss UPTON's comic creations, will "keep the game alive" for some time, though the Baron feels inclined to welcome to his arms the "Beamish Boy" who will slay *The Gollivog*.

With an eye to instructing the youthful student, EDGAR PICKERING, in his *True to the Watchword* (F. WARNE & Co.), leads his gallant aspirant for the rewards of valour into the thick of the Irish fight when the second JAMES was King. It is just a dash of history in romantic surroundings, but as the history is decidedly biased it comes out as a rather incomplete sandwich. Still, most palatable to the average book-boy. It is well illustrated.

The White Wolf (METHUEN) gives the title to a selection of what "Q" calls *Fireside Tales*. They will be found soothing and comforting in the lengthening nights drawing near. "Q" is one of few living masters of that most difficult of all literary arts, the telling of a short story. He is here found at his best, the selection being marked by attractive variety. One of the little cameos conveys the moving story of a stoker putting out to sea in a cruiser of the British fleet with intent to blow her up by an infernal machine. He writes a letter to a friend ashore announcing his genial intention. The missive arrives at a time when H.M.S. *Berenice* is already down Channel, making her way to the China seas. The reader follows her with breathless interest, turning over page after page, naturally looking for the one that discloses the end of the plot. It is not to be found. *The Man Who Could Have Told* is the title "Q," with grim humour, gives his story. My Baronite insists that the man who could have told is "Q," and complains that he doesn't.

My Baronite, noting that *The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl* comes from the same House, is not quite sure whether it is designed as a skit, or whether it is what a vain, rather vulgar, audaciously uninformed feminine mind would actually desire a trusting public should accept as experience. If it be a joke, it is a very poor one. If it be seriously meant, it is ludicrous. In either case it is tiresome.

A showy edition of the immortal *Ingoldsby Legends* is presented by JOHN LANE. Without a knowledge of these lays and stories no English-speaking person's education can be considered complete. But numerous, and occasionally effective, as are the illustrations by HERBERT COLE, they cannot approach the few but memorable ones, full of the most grotesque humour, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. These new illustrations are of the Doréque order, such as *The Only GUSTAVE* did for the *Contes Drôlatiques*, but with a very considerable difference. *Gulliver* is also well timed and



SO POLITE!

He. "WON'T YOU SIT IN THIS CHAIR, MISS SPOONER?"
Miss Spooner. "AFTER YOU."

always popular, but the artist, though clever, lacks the quality for the Swiftian humour.

In *The Intrusions of Peggy* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. ANTHONY HOPE makes a new departure. Avoiding Ruritania, its Court and its soldiery, he is content to settle down for a while in the Bohemia that actually is approachable by sea—London to wit. About *Peggy* there is some perhaps unconscious reminiscence of *Trilby*. Consciously or unconsciously, both ANTHONY HOPE and GEORGE DU MAURIER, dealing with Bohemia, whether in London or Paris, go back to HENRI MURGER's immortal book, in which the outer world were first privileged to get glimpses of *La Vie de Bohême*. This thing is inevitable, whether it be due to my Baronite's fancy, or to the author's early impressions. But *Peggy Ryle*, though of the same genus, is all herself, a girl apart from *Trilby* or *Mimette*. A delightful creation, free and fresh as the wind, warm, inspiring as the sunshine. An attractive foil is cleverly provided in the person of *Airey Newton*, the unsuspected grubbing miser, who under *Peggy*'s inspiration blooms into genial manner, boundless generosity, and the condition of a happy husband. The minor characters, especially *Lady Blizworth* and *Mrs. Bonfill*, are sketched in Mr. Hope's most alluring manner. My Baronite, again seeing through stone walls, fancies he recognises in the latter a London hostess known and dear to most of us these score of years.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE Lorando-Tubini difficulty," we read in the *Times* last week, "was settled." It will be welcome news to hear that all Londoni-Tube-ini difficulties have been surmounted.